Nuggets of News

GOLD HILL HISTORICAL SOCIETY
gold discovered 1860
recording the past for the future

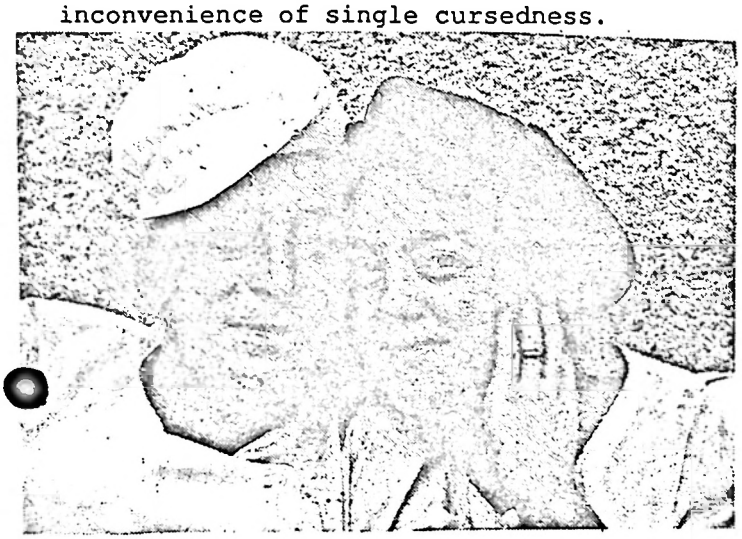
P.O. Box 26
Gold Hill, Ore. 97525
325 Second Ave.
855-1182

June 1992

It isn't every day that you run into an article like the following one. While doing a third volume to my series, *Gleanings From The Gold Hill News,* I came across this article describing Howard Wharton and Ida Starns elopement. Howard and Ida are our President, Ted Wharton's parents. They were married September 3, 1916 at Yreka, California. At that time Wharton was working for F. Wallace Sears, who was editor of *The Gold Hill News*. This article was found in the September 9, 1916 edition.....LMG

Ye Newleweds Of California;
Tried to steal a march on the city
and news spread like wildfire.

Last week on Friday H.E. Wharton was seen to board the south bound train and to have the air of going on a serious expedition. He was not again seen in these parts until Sunday night at church. He seemed sane enough but those who were in on the facts knew that he was far from rational at the time. On arriving in Montague, Calif., he took [an] auto for Yreka, where he was to meet an old friend of his, and said friend was there all right but that is not the point. At noon on the following day after visiting all morning with the editors of the **Yreka News and Journal** he routed the License clerk away from his dinner and family and demanded admittance to the court house, where upon his entrance he secured the legal authority to forever leave behind him the inconvenience of single cursedness.



The public here have been suspicious for some time of the actions of this appendage to the News office and his actions have been closely observed by many of our lady citizens, but there was nothing that they could find out that would enlighten them as to the intentions of the aforesaid unrational printer. And while there are some here that are not in the least surprised at the outcome of the trip to California (for they knew Wharton to be a minister's son) still the bulk of the people here were so surprised that they are even now among the unbelieving, but it is never the less a fact.

Ye Editor, wife and son, Wallace, accompanied by Miss Ida Starns motored to northern California Sunday a.m. and met Wharton and for a wonder he was sober, tho the country was very wet and he had not been out of the state of Oregon since it went dry. Judge Niles, of Siskiyou county, was presented and dinner was ordered for the whole party.

Wharton had previously retained the use of a private parlor in the home and the services of the Judge,

Left, Mr. and Mrs. H.E. Wharton smile for their wedding photograph.

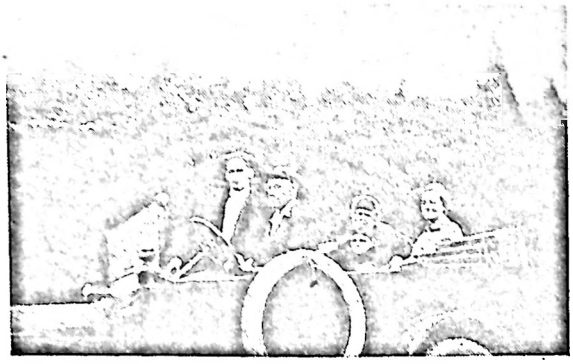
Right, Mr. and Mrs. H.E. Wharton in front of The Gold Hill News 1916.

Photos for article courtesy Ted Wharton

and just as the clock struck twelve o'clock the first words of the most solemn rites known to man were uttered, and at twelve-fifteen Miss Starns had passed into oblivion or rather her name had and Mr. Niles had the honor of shaking hands with the very happy Mr. and Mrs. H.E. Wharton,

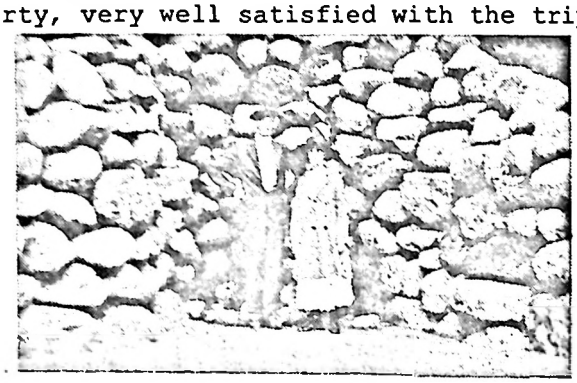
and starting them on life's journey with all the hope that a christian gentleman could. The Methodist ceremony was followed as much as possible and the marriage by the judge, instead of the pastor (who was found to be away to the California Conference) was strictly religious. Lee Newton, an old resident of these parts, served the dinner.

The trip home with Owen Woods at the wheel was one of the finest sight seeing trips that any one could wish for, as there had been a big rain the night before and the air was so clear that one could see every mountain that rose above the horizon. We will not attempt to describe the scenery for that is a job for an artist and we would only belittle the picture. The party arrived in Ashland late in the afternoon and listened to the band concert, walked thru the park, took several pictures of the bride and groom, filled up on lithia water and motored to Medford, where dinner was served in the Johnson Cafe at six o'clock.



Owen Woods at the wheel, H.E. Wharton passenger side, F. Wallace Sears Jr. Mrs. Sears and Ida May Starns Wharton

Arriving home in Gold Hill at about seven-thirty, very well satisfied with the trip.



Mr. and Mrs. Wharton posing at Lithia Park September 3, 1916

Monday evening the young people of the community gathered about the Sears Home and to the surprise and chagrin of the Newleweds proceeded to make the most unearthly racket one ever heard until the groom poked his head out of a window and handed over the necessary order on the Bon Ton for the treats for the crowd. They are just beginning to realize that they are married, for they find the world rotates just the same as ever and that every thing is as it always was. But it is rather hard to accustom oneself to the idea of one and one making one.

President's Message

Many interesting things have happened since I accepted the gavel for 1992. Notable among them is the growth of our museum, and increase in membership, more active members and a larger meeting turnout.

Our lot that formerly had the brick building is in the final stages of being sold which will bolster our building funds. (It is our ultimate goal to own our own building).

I wish to compliment our dedicated people for a great yard sale, income from which helps us improve our museum. We also appreciate the folks who donated the items that made our sale possible. In addition we wish to thank our many donors and members who have furnished photos and artifacts for our museum.

My highlight so far this year was my visit with member Mark Campbell at Whittier, California, where he arranged a guided tour through the Whittier Historical Society and Museum. We spent several hours with Archives Manager Nancy Giles, who gave me a number of good ideas for future guidance. I also managed to be there the week of the riots but avoided any conflicts. Mark is researching old stage routes both in California and Oregon, so we spent some time re-tracing the Butterfield Stages (1st overland mail) and the route carved out of solid sandstone on the Santa-Susanna pass. He hopes I will help him re-trace some Oregon routes.

The parade and Gold Dust Day will be our focus now and will be past history by the time this is published.

We are also putting our 1993 calendar together thanks to Cindy Faubion and Clare Moore. It will be a keeper with many fun articles and anecdotes of early Gold Hill.

If you haven't seen our museum, please feel free to drop in to see what our Gold Hill history looked like.

Kind Regards
Ted Wharton

in Seattle, while his father was working in the downtown office of the Puget Sound Power and Light Company.

Then the Depression hit. In early 1933 Marks's father lost his job, and there was no other to be had. One night the family packed all their belongings in the 1922 Maxwell touring car with the split rims and side curtains with Isinglass windows, and before dawn headed for the ranch in southern Oregon. Where possible, they spent a night with relatives; otherwise they camped by the road. Late one night they crossed the Rogue River on the Rock Point bridge, passed the Rock Point Cemetery, turned left over the railroad track, and followed the gravel road up Sardine Creek. Just around the turn past Ralph Dusenberry's shack they came to the long, steep and narrow road leading in to "the ranch". The tired old Maxwell chugged up, slipping and complaining, but made it through the gate to a final stop just outside Corson's empty one-room shack. The shack was full of junk, so they unrolled their beds outside under the trees and dropped off into weary slumber. In the morning Mark gathered chaparral and fallen tree limbs for a fire, and his father cooked "dough gobs" in the big frying pan that was always part of their camping equipment.

Mark started high school at the Gold Hill School in the fall of 1933, riding in on the school bus driven by Carl Ruth, who also carried pupils from Galls Creek. Others riding the bus from Sardine Creek were Delores Drennen, Jean Smith, Iris Dusenberry, Nina and Sylvia Croft, and Arthur Dusenberry. At school, Mark struck up a lasting friendship with Ted Wharton; he and "Hank" frequently went hiking and hunting for small game over the hills and valleys of the Gold Hill area. After his family moved to Medford, Hank lived with the Campbells for a time in 1933 and 1934, until school was out in June. In the summers of 1934 and 1935 Mark and his father and Hank worked in the potato fields, fruit orchards and hop yards to earn a little cash.

In 1935 Mark's parents separated and his mother moved to Seattle to work as a cook and housekeeper. Mark's father found a job and the decision was made to send Mark to Seattle to complete high school. He lived in a boarding house with other homeless children and finished junior and senior years at Lincoln High, near Green Lake. He felt intimidated and lost in the huge student body; in Gold Hill, Mark's sophomore class had 14 members; in June, 1937, Mark graduated from Lincoln High School in a class of 500 seniors! He became interested in amateur radio and successfully passed the examination for an operator's license, W7GIL. He set up his own "ham" station and made numerous contacts with others, using both voice and code. This led to summer jobs in Seattle and Portland fabricating and assembling radio equipment. In the fall of 1937, Mark began a General Studies course at the University of Washington, helping to pay expenses by working for his room and board. In the summer of 1938 he and a friend hitched a ride on a freight train to visit his father in Portland, and continued on to Spokane to pick peaches and tomatoes. In the fall he resumed studies at the U of W, living then with his mother and stepfather in West Seattle, and riding the streetcars across town to classes. Mark's uncertainties about a career came to a head in the fall of 1939, after he had switched to Engineering studies; he lost interest in the courses, began to skip classes, and finally dropped out in December. His father, about to undergo a serious operation for removal of a bladder tumor, advised him to try for a Civil Service job. Mark saw a notice of an exam leading to appointment as a U.S. Merchant Marine Cadet; here, he thought, was an opportunity to see some of the world and learn some practical engineering. The program included two years at sea on operating merchant vessels, a year at the new Kings Point academy on Long Island, New York, and a fourth year at sea. He passed the exam, and in March, 1940, sailed out of San Francisco as an engineer cadet on the SS President Pierce, bound for Honolulu and the Orient. During the next two years he served on several ships and docked in Singapore, Manila, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Yokohama, Los Angeles, Havana, Panama, New York and Boston. The Pearl Harbor attack on December 7, 1941, found him in Seattle, and after his ship was equipped with degaussing coils and a 5-inch gun, he made

the trip to Lima, Peru and return to San Francisco under conditions of blackout and radio silence to foil submarine attack. Because of the war, the duration of the Cadet training program was reduced to two years. In May, 1942, Mark passed the prescribed examination and received his license as a Marine Engineer, followed by his diploma from the U.S. Merchant Marine Cadet Corps.

Because Mark had earned good grades in his course work while on ship, he was offered a post as instructor at the Kings Point Merchant Marine Academy, on which construction had just begun. As a licensed marine engineer, he was also eligible for a commission in the U.S. Naval Reserve, and was soon called to active duty as Ensign, USNR, and assigned as Training Aids Officer at Kings Point. It was there that he met his wife to be, Chellie LeNell Livingston of Mississippi; they were married in Great Neck, NY, November 6, 1943. Early in 1945 he was ordered to the Pacific Theatre and carried out Naval orders in locations from Sydney, Australia to Saipan. He was in Manila, PI when the first atomic bomb was dropped, and was ordered back to Kings Point soon after. Mark resumed his duties as Training Aids Officer until released from active duty by the Navy in the spring of 1946.

Mark and Nell decided that he should return to school, with financial aid from the GI Bill, to earn a degree in engineering. After a month of study at home he was successful in passing the entrance exam at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in Cambridge, Mass. Then followed three years of intensive work in the academic program, including summer school, while they lived in one of the small cottages on campus which had been provided for married students returning to school. Mark received a Bachelor of Science degree in 1948, and a Master of Science degree in 1949, in the field of mechanical engineering. In 1948 their first daughter joined them in time for graduation.

After Cambridge, their first home was in Park Forest, Ill., about forty miles south of the Chicago loop. At the Askania Regulator Company, Mark performed system engineering and development on an automatic depth control system for submarines, using one of the early high-speed electronic analog computers. He helped to test the system during a voyage on a U.S. Navy submarine. After two years, the hard Chicago winters plus the commuting time of two hours each way made it easy to decide on a move to California. Mark's experience in the design and development of automatic control systems was valuable to the growing aerospace industry. Mark joined North American Aviation in 1951 and began the first of a series of engineering assignments in the field of autopilots and inertial navigation. For the successor company, Rockwell International, he participated in design studies of missile and satellite navigation and control systems, development of an automatic fingerprint reader for the FBI, and development of the Saturn second stage of the Apollo launch vehicle. Beginning in 1972 and ending with retirement last year (1990) he contributed to both hardware and software design and development for the navigation system of the Space Shuttle. Some of his technical innovations are documented in six U.S. Patents.

Mark and Nell raised their three daughters in Whittier, California, and saw them safely through the University of California. All three settled in the Los Angeles area. The oldest owns and operates a bookkeeping company in Pacific Palisades. The other two are married, both live in Chatsworth, and between them have three daughters and a son. In a sudden tragedy, Nell was taken by a heart attack in May of 1989, and the rest of the family have since been even closer than before. Almost every week they have dinner at one of the Chatsworth homes, and sometimes join in seeing a movie or play.

Mark has started compiling a family history, and uses a personal computer to organize the data and print the charts in genealogical format. He has joined the Gold Hill Historical Society as well as the Whittier Area Genealogical Society. He wishes that his parents and grandparents had left more information about their lives to him, and plans to pass on to his children and grandchildren a full account of his and Nell's adventures. Mark is also helping to plan the 50th reunion of his U.S. Merchant Marine Cadet Corps graduating class of 1942, to be held at the Kings Point Academy next year. Other activities include golf and music; Mark still plays the clarinet, as he did in the Gold Hill High School band (and not much better, he says). He recently visited Ted and Armella Wharton for a few days in their Medford home, and they attended the Gold Hill School reunion banquet together on June 29.

****

Patrick Pioneer Day

On May 29th, Patrick school was visited by several G.H.H.S. members.

Mrs. Apostol's 4th grade class and Mrs. Patterson's 1st grade class gathered outside on the lawn to listen to our own, Ted Wharton's talk on how to survive if you get lost in the woods. The children were impressed by Ted's knapsack, his space blanket and the fact that he was Casey's cousin.

Later on that same day Don and Clare Moore gave the two classrooms a real hands-on experience. Clare spoke about how Indians and pioneers made their own cloths and jewelry. Then Don blew-them-away with his talk about trapping and then the grand finale of shooting paper confetti into the air. (All the kids who were out to recess came running.)

The biggest highlights were getting to smell the beaver scent, hearing Clare's bear story, Mrs. Apostol starting a fire with a bird's nest and Don's assistance, and finally when a bird flew overhead and dropped a present on a 4th grade boy's arm!

The children all asked many times over if we would be doing Pioneer Day again next year. So on that note we can call the day a success.....CTF

Field Trip to Our Museum

Mrs. Patterson's class of 1st graders recently visited our Society's museum. They walked single file (with the aid of a long rope.) from Patrick school to our building with Casey and Cindy Faubion along as helpers.

Upon arrival the class was greeted by Ted Wharton. The children were allowed free time to look for a bit, then they were shown pictures of Ted and Kiley's grandmother when they were first graders. This really made quite a big impression on the kids. They loved the old 1820's bible when Ted showed it to them. They also thought the white gloves and respirators were really cool.

One little girl didn't want to leave because she just loved a pair of baby shoes displayed in the showcase. (She thought that her dolly would be more beautiful wearing them.)

The class couldn't get enough of a picture of Margaret E. Patrick for who their school was named.

They then sat out on the lawn in front of our building and enjoyed the fresh baked peanut butter cookies and punch that we supplied.

Mary Bradish arrived and was greeted with great affection, then the children received their special award certificate for being very good listeners.

As the 1st graders headed back to school, they left us impressed by their polite and contained behavior while in our museum.....CTF

MEMBER PROFILE

Mark E. Campbell
by M.E. Campbell

Mark's father, William Smith Campbell, was born July 4,1883, in Litchfield, New Hampshire, and grew up on the family farm. He was the second of two sons, and by the custom of those days his older brother was destined to inherit the farm together with the obligation to care for the parents in their old age. William was able to secure a scholarship to the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, and received his bachelor of science degree in Electrical Engineering in 1909. He immediately set out for the West, and after looking in on the Yukon-Pacific Exposition in Seattle, headed south to Oregon. On a picture postcard of the Columbia River, postmarked March 28, 1910, he wrote to his mother, "Passed near here today en route to Medford, Oregon...". After a few months as a ranch hand near Medford, he was able to put his technical training to work, and reported, "Dear Mother, since writing this A.M. have got a job in town at telephone work; a cinch 8 hours at $2.25...". Another postcard from Medford, Jan 29, 1911: "Driven to death. Just finished big wiring job on the side. Real estate deal all right. Still with R.R. Elec. Co. All sorts of plans for the future...". The "real estate deal" was the purchase of 40 acres on Sardine Creek. (In 1916 Marks's father and a partner, H.H. Corson, purchased an additional 160 acres adjacent to his original 40; it included the old McDonough place with its barn and house,

and the field surrounded by a picket fence, and sat astride Rocky Gulch with its flowing springs. Just above the 200 acres, in the left fork of Rocky Gulch, was George Bailey's old cabin.)

Mark K. Campbell

Things must have moved fast in 1911. By April of 1912 William was working in the office of the Eugene City Engineer, helping to lay out the streets, curbs, gutters, etc of the downtown area. In August he wrote a long letter to his mother, which included the paragraph: "Last night you might have imagined me sitting on the church steps waiting for a crowd to gather to go to a picnic about three miles out, walking the whole distance. There were about three girls to each fellow, so I was not lonely at all. One is from Alabama. She pretended not to like Yankees at all, but soon got over it. She suggested that I teach her to play tennis, but when I said I did not know how, thought it would be a good idea to learn together."

Mark's mother, Gertrude Allen Ervin, was born on July 1, 1884, near Camden, Alabama, on a cotton plantation. She was the fourth of six children, with three brothers and two sisters. Her father had studied for and received a medical degree, but so loved growing things that he soon gave up his practice, and devoted his life to farming. The family moved from Camden to Evergreen, Alabama, in 1894, then on to Bowling Green, Florida, in 1905. There they operated a "Pinery", a pineapple plantation, until the disastrous freeze of 1907-1908 when they lost their entire crop.

In the meantime Gertrude's older sister had married, and on the return leg of a train trip to the Pacific Northwest, she and her husband were so enchanted with the beauty of a small valley just off the Columbia River that they got off the train then and there. They had their belongings sent from Alabama, and settled down to life raising fruit just outside of Hood River, Oregon. Their letters to the family, filled with glowing accounts of the wonderful climate and scenery in the Hood River Valley, with Mount Hood crowning the foothills to the south, painted an irresistible image. The loss of the pineapple crop decided the matter. The Ervin family embarked on the train with all their belongings, including livestock, and in April of 1909 came north and west to Amboy, Washington. They soon made friends in Portland and Eugene, and on a visit with friends in Eugene in August of 1912, Gertrude met a Yankee who didn't know how to play tennis. They were married on August 10, 1914.

Mark was born in Seattle, Washington, on November 17, 1919, destined to be an only child. While he was growing up, his father earned a living in a variety of short term jobs, sometimes on a survey team laying out new highways in Washington and Oregon, sometimes working as a draftsman making the maps, sometimes as an electrical engineer. For a time he was City Electrician for the city of Port Angeles, Washington. For most of a year he ran the electrical power system for Camp Five of the Crown Willamette Lumber Company near Astoria, Washington. Then he helped survey the Oregon coast highway near Brookings. The family moved frequently, and Mark always had mixed feelings; sadness at leaving familiar places and friends, excitement at seeing a new part of the world. Before he was six years old he had lived in Seattle, Portland, Vale, Harbor, Camp Five, and Corvallis. School began for Mark in the fall of 1926, just before his seventh birthday. During the family travels he attended whatever school was nearby; first grade in West Linn, Oregon; second and third grades in Aberdeen, Washington; fourth and fifth grades in Puyallup, Washington; sixth grade in Latona school in Seattle; and seventh and eighth grades at Alexander Hamilton Junior High School, also

[Excerpt from an account of a trip to southern Oregon in the summer of 1925 by my grandparents, Ben and Isabel Fish, of Santa Barbara, California. They were accompanied by their son George (my father) and their foster daughter Alpha, aged ten and thirteen, The narrator is my grandmother. Submitted by Pete Fish]

... For about 50 miles in this extreme north of California they were still working on the roads. It was very dusty, and the roads were poor until we got well up to Mt. Shasta. Mt. Shasta was, of course, lovely, though not as clear as when we had seen it the preceding spring, and with much less snow. We also noted with interest the joining of the McCloud and Sacramento (Pitt) Rivers, the former obviously muddy and opaque since the peculiar flow of mud streams from Mt. Shasta that had started near its source last spring. It had been a clear and lovely stream as we followed it along on our trip different from its present appearance. We purchased supplies at Yreka Bakery (spell that backwards) enough to last over Sunday, and pushed on to Camp Wademore at the foot of the Siskiyou grade that night. The name of the camp, and its advertisements of hot showers appealed to our Saturday night feelings of cleanliness and there we stopped all night and enjoyed the showers. We had bathed in the Sacramento River at Cottonwood between Redding and Red Bluff but didn't feel particularly cleaner thereby, even if we did feel cooler. Baths are problems camping,

and we never miss a chance. At Wademore we also washed out a few things, and otherwise got ready for Sunday as best we could. Especially trying to get Alpha as presentable as possible as we should stop at Phoenix where her sister Twila lives with the Raders, where we first found Alpha, and later to Gold Hill where Alpha was to stay with Jack and Geneva Wilson who had promised to keep her with them, for a time at least. Since we always carry a big flat suitcase with all our best clothes in it, we could turn out fairly presentably even at church time on Sunday in a comparatively strange place. It was not a strange place to Alpha though. It looked like home to her. We had passed by Hilt, the little town in the Siskiyous where the Iversons and her little step-sisters lived when we were there the last spring. We had also passed the road to the new place where they lived off a long winding crossroad above Redding. They had not wanted us to come there as both Mr. and Mrs. Iverson were sick, so we had not seen them. I was sorry for I wanted Alpha to see her little step sisters. I also wanted to take her on to Portland where we supposed her little sister Grace to be, and then to leave her at Gold Hill on the way back, for I didn't know when anyone else would ever take her and she had not seen her for some years. However we found out from Twila that Grace was with another cousin away off in Eastern Washington, away beyond where we should or could go, so that plan had to be given up.

We arrived at the Raders in Phoenix at church time on Sunday, August 1st, 1925 - fifteen months after we had found Alpha there in our previous trip, and in those fifteen months we have done the best we could for her, although it had not for a long time seemed best to make it a permanent arrangement, either for Alpha's sake or for ours, especially since the earthquake. She was overjoyed to see Twila - also the Raders, and we left her with them while we visited Ben's cousin Theodore Fish and family. We found only Cousin Theodore at home, but he was entertaining enough for the hast. Fletcher, the oldest son, and his wife, [Edith], came before we left. We felt we must hurry on before long to get Alpha to Gold Hill that night, when we had told the Wilsons to expect us. We visited Cousins Edith and Sybil, and families en route, and ate lunch in Medford. It would have seemed too bad to take Alpha from Twila so soon, if she were not to be so near, and might see her often, and was planning to come back there for a visit soon. It is only about 20 miles or so away. When we got to Gold Hill it did seem to me a doleful lonesome little place, but if Alpha thought so she didn't say so. I think everything in Oregon seems nice to her, so I think she like it all right...

... She stayed in Gold Hill just a month, a week or two after Geneva [Wilson's] baby was born, when Geneva wrote the new guardian, Mrs. McLeod, that she could not keep her another day. The new guardian, who had known Alpha's father and mother, had written largely of what she hoped to do for her, but she did (at least, according to a letter from Alpha to me) put

her in a place near her where she worked for her board. Of course Alpha may have thought this, when neither guardian nor the woman with whom she lived may have had that view of it. I do not know. Anyway she did not stay there long either, but in September was sent alone to Oklahoma to the aunt. I should never have sent her alone on so long a journey, so young, so inexperienced, so easily mislead by apparently kindnesses in people, so poor a judge of people, so pretty, and so indiscreet. I should have worried dreadfully if I had known it, but I did not know it until some time later. Her aunt who had married again, to a doctor, and who has two children of her own, and Alpha's sister Marie with her also, found a place for Alpha with a friend of hers in Hollis, Oklahoma where Alpha seems to be very happy, and appreciative.

Everybody loves a mystery. If any of you know who this girl Alpha was and how she related to Gold Hill please contact someone at the society headquarters and fill us in.

DID YOU SAY THE GOLD HILL HISTORICAL SOCIETY WON A FIRST PLACE RIBBON AT GOLD DUST DAYS AGAIN THIS YEAR?

Have a wonderful summer. We hope to see you at the picnic August 16, 1992.

Your Editor Linda Morehouse Genaw

Gold Hill Historical Society
P.O. Box 26
325 Second Avenue
Gold Hill, Oregon 97525
Phone 855-1182